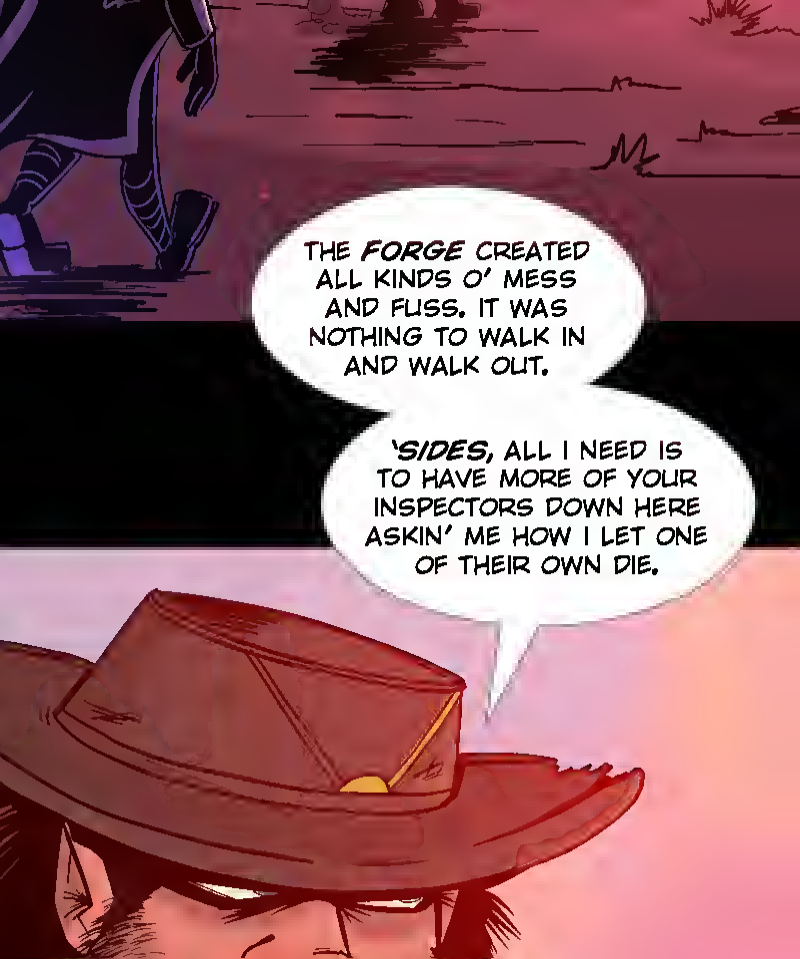
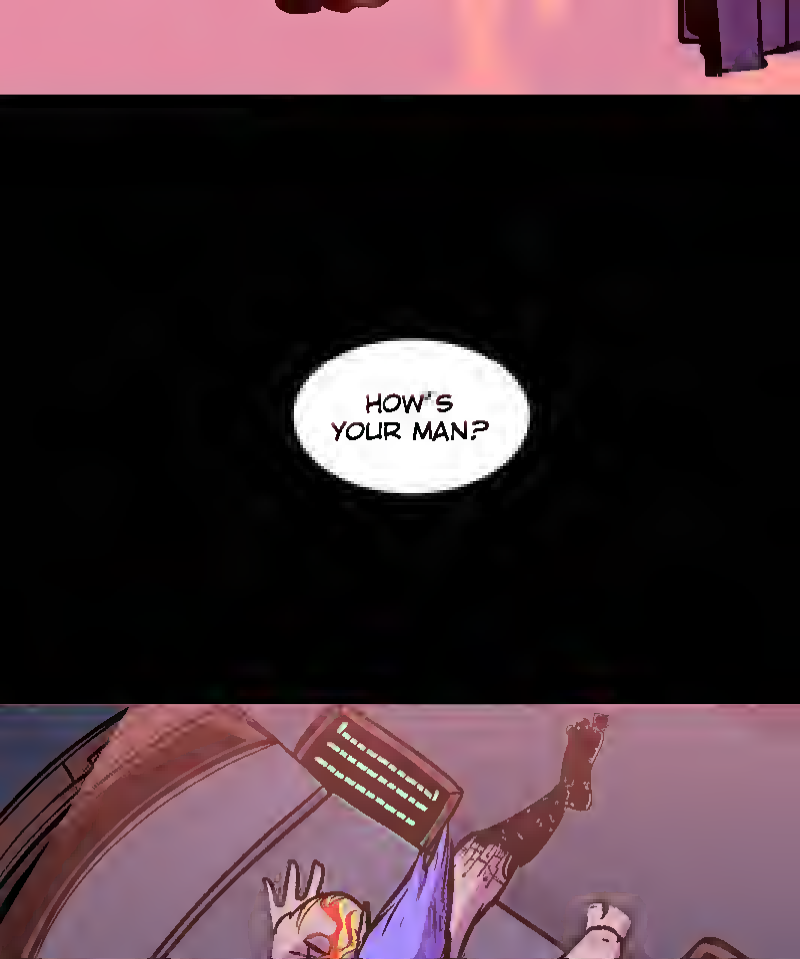
CREATED BY BRADLEY MASON

CYBERBUNK

WORDS BY SAM MACHADO
ART BY CYNTHIA SOUSA
AND AMANDA SOUSA MACHADO

IAN AND MATH TELL ME I HAVE *YOU* TO THANK.


THE *FORGE* CREATED ALL KINDS O' MESS AND FUSS. IT WAS NOTHING TO WALK IN AND WALK OUT.
'SIDES, ALL I NEED IS TO HAVE MORE OF YOUR INSPECTORS DOWN HERE ASKIN' ME HOW I LET ONE OF THEIR OWN DIE.


HOW'S
YOUR MAN?

THANK YOU, IAN.

HOW DOES IT FEEL?
STRANGE.

IT MAY TAKE A LITTLE WHILE FOR THE NANINTES TO INTEGRATE WITH YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM, BUT I ASSURE YOU THE INTEGRATION WILL BE SEAMLESS.

AND
THAMIOR?

I'M FINE.
SO WHERE ARE WE AT?

AMBROSE'S DATA TELLS US THAT THE ALABASTER TEMPLE IS ABOUT THIRTEEN-HUNDRED KILOMETERS AWAY.
THAT'S ABOUT ONE DAY'S TRAVEL.
BUT THAT'S

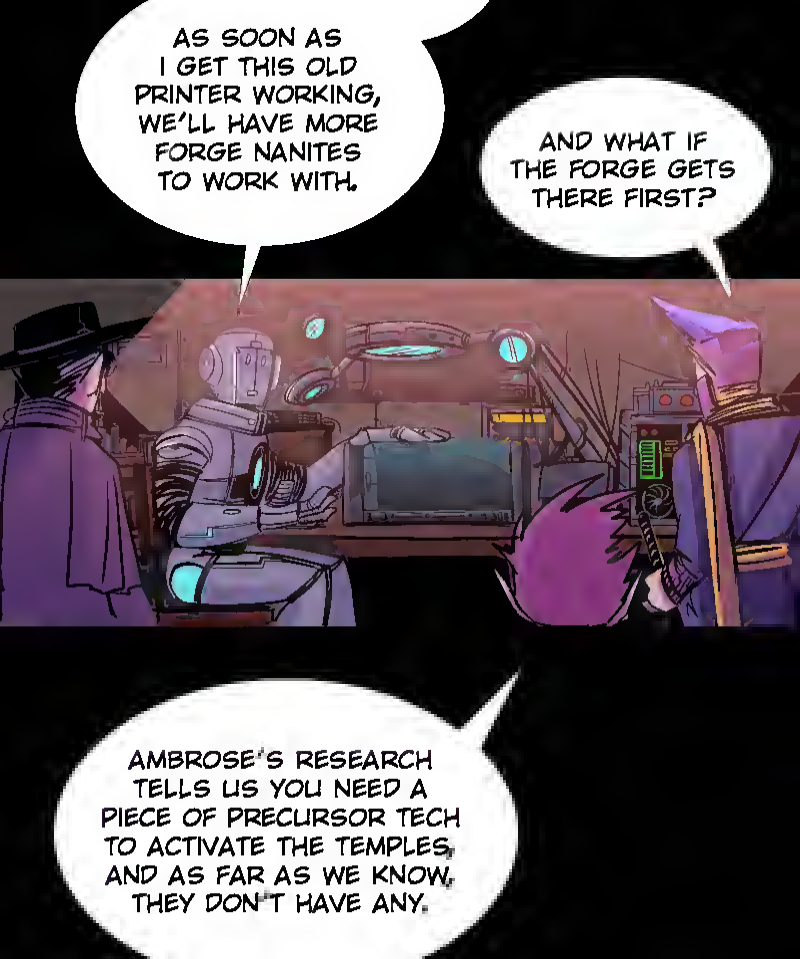
NOT THE *BIG* PROBLEM.

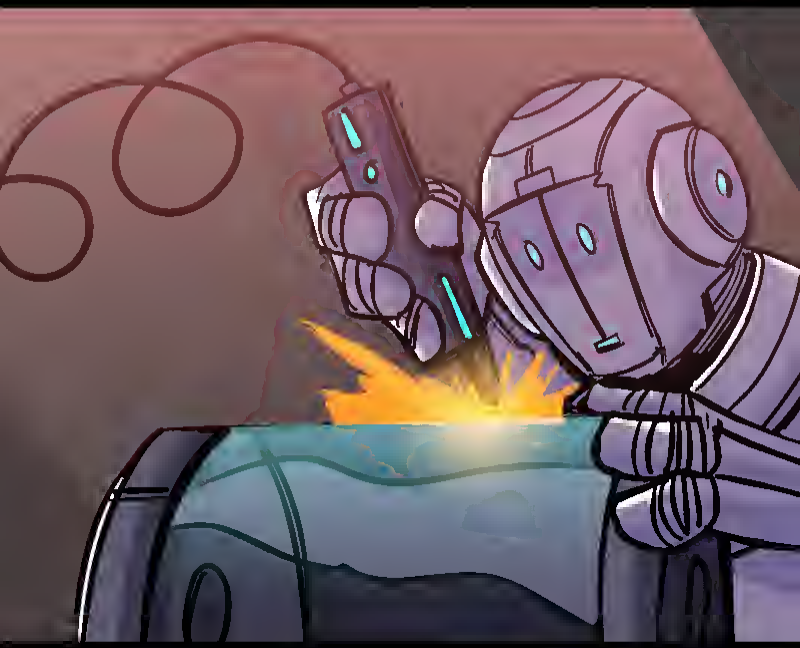
THE WINTER.

YEAH. SINCE THE TECH PRIESTS HIT THE THERMAL PLANT THERE, NOTHING BUT ***FORGE*** TECH CAN OPERATE IN THE ZONE.

WE'LL REACH THE BORDER OF IT IN HALF A DAY.

HOW DOES THE FORGE OPERATE IN IT?
WE DON'T KNOW.
BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER.


AS SOON AS I GET THIS OLD PRINTER WORKING, WE'LL HAVE MORE FORGE NANITES TO WORK WITH.
AND WHAT IF THE FORGE GETS THERE FIRST?
AMBROSE'S RESEARCH TELLS US YOU NEED A PIECE OF PRECURSOR TECH TO ACTIVATE THE TEMPLES, AND AS FAR AS WE KNOW, THEY DON'T HAVE ANY.



LINE Webtoon